

ACT6 Lancer





WITH EACH
STEP HE
TOOK, HIS
LEGS SCREAMED IN
PROTEST.



WITH NO
WAY OF
KNOWING
WHERE HE
WOULD
ESCAPE TO,

HE SIMPLY
KEPT BOUN-
DING
FORWARD,
EVER
FORWARD.



JUST AS
HE WAS
THINKING
HE'D NEARLY
PASSED
THROUGH THE
NIGHTTIME
FOREST,
THAT THERE
WAS A LITTLE
MORE TO
GO—



BUT EVEN
SO, HE
DID NOT
STOP
RUNNING.



NEITHER
HIS BRAIN
NOR BODY
DESIRED
THAT.



—YOU'VE
CAUSED A
LOT OF
TROUBLE
FOR ME.









I WAS
SUPPOSED
TO GET
SOMETHING
THAT COULD
BE CALLED
A GOD.



IF THERE
WAS NO
WAY FOR
ME TO WIN
WITH ANY OF
THE KING
CLASS HER-
OES...



IT WAS
SUPPOSED
TO GET ME
SOMETHING
GREATER
THAN AN
HERO.



I HAD NO
CHOICE BUT
TO CALL
FORTH ONE
OF THOSE
FROM EGYPT
WHO HAD
BECOME
A GOD.



THEN I
JUST HAD
TO GO
FURTHER
BACK THAN
THE AGE OF
HEROES-

WHY DIDN'T
YOU ACCEPT
THE HONOR
OF BEING THE
CATALYST
CALLING FOR
A GOD?

YOU WERE
SUPPOSED
TO BE THE
CATALYST
FOR ALL
THAT!

WHY
HAVE YOU
BIT THE
HAND THAT
FED YOU!

CALLING
SOMEONE
FROM THE
THRONE OF
GODS ISN'T
POSSIBLE.

BUT WITH
ONLY THE
COMMAND
SEALS AND
THE POWER
OF THE
LAND,

A FEW
MORE
RULES
NEEDED
TO BE
BROKEN.



I PREPARED
PLENTY OF
SPARES JUST
IN CASE.

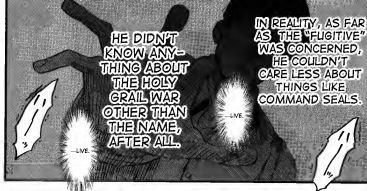
WHAT-
EVER, I'M
DONE
HERE.

I'LL THROW
YOU INTO THE
FURNACE AND
TURN YOU INTO
ANOTHER
GUINEA PIG.

AFTER
THAT,
YOU CAN
JUST
DIE.

THE ONLY
THING I NEED
IS TO GET THE
COMMAND
SEALS BACK
FROM
YOU.





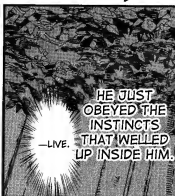
HE DIDN'T
KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT
THE HOLY
GRAIL WAR
OTHER THAN
THE NAME,
AFTER ALL.

IN REALITY, AS FAR
AS THE "FUGITIVE"
WAS CONCERNED,
HE COULDN'T
CARE LESS ABOUT
THINGS LIKE
COMMAND SEALS.



AND WHEN
THESE URGES
REACHED A
CERTAIN ST-
AGE, NOT A
SINGLE DROP
WAS LOST.

-LIVE.



HE JUST
OBEYED THE
INSTINCTS
THAT WELLED
UP INSIDE HIM.

-LIVE.



HIS CONSCIOUSNESS
FOCUSED ONLY ON
THAT ONE THOUGHT.



-LIVE.

WITHIN
HIS BODY,
GRADUALLY
BECOMING
UNABLE TO
MOVE,

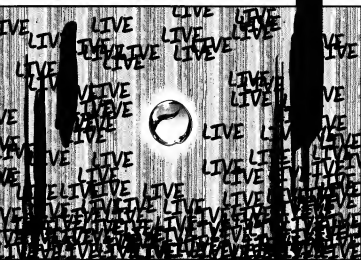
HE
SIMPLY
DESIRED


IT WASN'T
A WISH SO
MUCH AS

NOT "I
DON'T
WANT
TO DIE",

BUT
SLIGHTLY
DIFFER-
ENT FROM
"I WANT
TO LIVE".

FROM PURE
INSTINCT!



A black and white manga-style illustration of a forest. In the upper left, a massive, bright explosion radiates outwards, with numerous lines indicating the shockwave and light rays. The forest below is composed of tall, slender trees, some of which are partially obscured by the explosion's glow. The overall tone is dramatic and intense.

HE SCREAM-
ED OUT THE
STRONGEST
OF PURPOSES,

SHARED
BY ALL
CREATURES
IN THE LAND
OF SNOW-
FIELD.

—
LI-
VE!



BECAUSE
USE OF
THAT,
HE DIDN'T
NOTICE.



THE
MAGUS
WAS UN-
ABLE TO
COMPR-
HEND THE
MEANING
HELD BY
THAT
SHOUT—

IT WAS A
SUMMONING
CEREMONY.

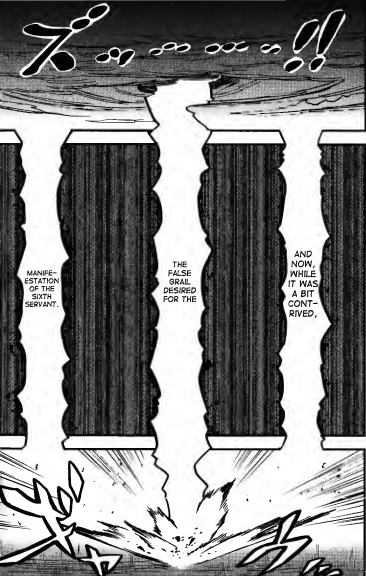
FOR HIM,
THAT CON-
STITUTED
MAGECRAFT.

HE'D
UTTERED
NOTHING
BUT THAT
SHOUT,
YET...



BUT JUST A
BIT AGO THE
FIFTH SER-
VANT HAD
BEEN SUM-
MONED IN
THE NORTHERN
PART OF
THE VALLEY

THE
MAGUS
DIDN'T
KNOW IT.



MANIFE-
STATION
OF THE
SIXTH
SERVANT.

THE
FALSE
GRAIL
DESIRED
FOR THE

AND
NOW,
WHILE
IT WAS
A BIT
CONT-
RIVED,









THE
HERO
THAT
APPE-
ARED

WAS
SIMPLY
TOO
BEAU-
TIFUL.

YOU ARE...
THE MASTER WHO
SUMMONED ME?

BUT THAT
WAS THE
ONLY
THING HE
KNOW FOR
SURE.

THE PERSON
STANDING
BEFORE HIM
WAS NOT AN
ENEMY.

THE
FUSI-
TIVE—
WAS
CONFIDENT

THE HEROIC
SPIRIT KNEELED,
BRINGING THEIR
GAZE TO THE
SAME HEIGHT
AS THE FUG-
ITIVE'S.



THEY SPOKE
WORDS THE
MABUS WAS
UNABLE TO
UNDERSTAND.



AFTER
HEARING
THOSE
WORDS,

THE
FUGITIVE
DEFINITELY
REPLIED
IN KIND.



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING...?

...?



Key ...





THANK
YOU.

THE
CONTRACT IS
COMPLETED.



BEING
SPOKEN TO
AS IF HE
WAS AN OLD
FRIEND—

THE
FUGITIVE
FELT RELIEF
SPREADING
THROUGH
THE BOTTOM
OF HIS HEART.

HE WOULD BE ALLOWED TO LIVE.

—THAT WAS THE SORT OF FEELING THAT ENVELOPED HIM.

CONVINCED
THAT HE
WOULD NO
LONGER
NEED TO
RUN AWAY—

AT LONG
LAST,
HE LET
HIMSELF
RELAX.



SUCH
A...

THAT'S A
BEAST!

WORTHLESS,
MINDLESS
CHIMERA
IS YOUR
MASTER!?

DON'T
BULL-
SHIT
ME!



IM...
IMPOS-
SIBLE!



IMPOS-
SIBLE!

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK
YOU'RE
SAYING!?



WHA
...

MY MASTER
HOLDS NO
ILL WILL
TOWARDS
YOU.

WOULD YOU
PLEASE LOWER
THAT GUN.



THE GLANCE
THEY DIRECTED
AT THE
MAGUS WAS
FILLED WITH

THE
HEROIC
SPIRIT
CAME TO
A STOP
AND TURN-
ED HIS
HEAD

20
f

**EXTREME
REJECTION—**

Exp...

WHY!
WHY!

AHHHHHHHHH

$\begin{array}{c} A \\ H \\ H \\ H \\ H \\ H \\ H \end{array}$

$$\begin{array}{c} A \\ H \\ H \\ H \\ H \end{array}$$

WHY NOT ME!

WHY,

WHY,

WHY

18

—WHY
CHOOSE...
A MUTT
LIKE THAT?

JUST WHAT...
IS THAT HEROIC
SPIRIT TRYING
TO SAY!?



NOTHING
MORE THAN
A SIMPLE
MEAT
PUPPET.

WHAT KIND
OF HERO
WOULD GROW
CLOSE TO A
CHIMERA...

A HERO
LINKED TO
A BEAST...?

AND NOT EVEN
AN ACTUAL
ANIMAL, A
CHIMERA.



NO, I'M NOT
PICKY. IT CAN
BE FROM ANY
OF THE OTHERS,
REALLY.

KSH...
WHATEVER,
ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER I'VE
GOT TO COME
UP WITH A PLAN
TO SNATCH HIS
COMMAND
SEALS.



THAT
WOULD BE
A LITTLE
TROUBLE-
SOME, NO?

THAT
SHOULD BE
ENOUGH TO
LET ME OFF
WITH THAT
WHELP.

IF I CATCH
THEM OFF GUARD
AS THEY ENTER
THAT TOWN, SIC
THE REST OF THE
CHIMERA ON THEM.



I'M SORRY,
BUT I WANT
TO REMOVE
ANY UNSTABLE
ELEMENTS

BEFORE
THEY GET
TOO FAR
OUT OF
HAND.



WHO'S
THERE



MY
VOICE
...!?

...!?



THE ASSO-
CIATION AND
THE CHURCH
ARE ONE
THING,
BUT...

HAVING TO GET
MIXED UP IN THINGS
OTHER THAN THE
HOLY GRAIL WAR
IS REALLY
TROUBLESOME.

.....!
FALDEUS...!



I HAVE NO INTENTION OF LETTING YOU LIVE.

DON'T FEEL LIKE YOU HAVE TO ANSWER ME.

AH, JUST STAY LIKE THAT AND LISTEN PLEASE.

I'VE ALREADY SLASHED YOUR NECK.



MAKING ENEMIES OF THE CITIZEN'S GROUP IS SOMETHING I JUST CAN'T DO, YOU SEE?

I'M A PUBLIC SERVANT AFTER ALL.



...HAVING SAID THAT, YOU WERE A MAGUS, RIGHT?



LETTING YOURSELF GET CUT BY A KNIFE, NOT HAVING ANY MAGICAL PROTECTION, YOUR FAMILY SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOU.



YOU'RE JUST HOPELESS. I MEAN, UNFORESEEN EVENTS DO HAPPEN, BUT



IT'S NOT EVEN ANYTHING WORTH WORRYING ABOUT.

WELL, YOU'RE IN NO STATE TO ANSWER ME.



BECAUSE I
MIGHT CARE-
LESSLY SLIP
CLASSIFIED
INFORMATION

I CAN'T REALLY
FEEL AT EASE
UNLESS I'M
TALKING TO
A CORPSE.



POTENTIAL
PILL

I'M A
BIT OF A
CHATTER-
BOX, AREN'T
I?



YOU TOO,
HAVE SOMETHING
BOTHERSOME.

BUT SERIOUSLY,
WHAT ON EARTH
DID THAT KURUKKA
COUPLE SUMMON.
IT'S BEEN ON
MY MIND...



THERE ARE
RULES IN
THIS WAR.

DIDN'T
YOU
KNOW?

WELL NOW,
THAT'S NOT
SOMETHING
ALLOWED BY
THE SYSTEM.



AND I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT,
YOU WEREN'T
TRYING TO
SUMMON A
HEROIC SPIRIT,
BUT SOMEONE
WHO COULD BE
CALLED A GOD.

MOMENTS
AGO I WAS
FISHING
AROUND IN
YOUR WORK-
SHOP...



I COULDN'T
BELIEVE HIM...

NO, I'LL BE
USING 'THEY'
GIVEN THE
POSSIBILITY
THAT THEY'RE
A SHE...

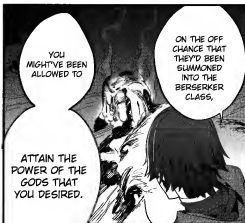


HOWEVER,
WHEN I SAW
FOOTAGE
RECORDED
FROM THE
FOREST...

WHILE THIS
WAR IS AN
EXPERIMENTAL
ENTRY ALONG
THE PATH TO
OUR OBJECTIVE,
SELFISHNESS
IS PROBLEM-
ATIC.



I CAN'T
BELIEVE
THEY HAD
APPEARED
AS A
HEROIC
SPIRIT.



YOU
MIGHT'VE BEEN
ALLOWED TO

ON THE OFF
CHANCE THAT
THEY'D BEEN
SUMMONED
INTO THE
BERSERKER
CLASS,

ATTAIN THE
POWER OF THE
GODS THAT
YOU DESIRED.





AT ANY RATE,
HERE AS WELL,
THERE'S NO
DEFINITE PROOF
THAT THINGS
HAVE GONE
COMPLETELY
IRREGULAR.

WELL, SUCH
THINGS ARE
IMPOSSIBLE
GIVEN THE
SYSTEM...
OR AT
LEAST THEY
SHOULD BE.

SOMETHING
TOTALLY
INCREDIBLE
HAS BEEN
SUMMONED
SOMEWHERE
I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT.

THOUGH
IT'S POSS-
IBLE THAT

IN THE
FIRST PLACE,
RATHER THAN
A HERO THEY
WERE ORI-
GINALLY...

NO, THE FACT
THAT YOUR PET
MANAGED TO
SUMMON THEM
IS INCREDIBLE
ENOUGH.
ISN'T IT?

A CLAY DOLL
OF THE GODS
HAD FALLEN
TO THE SUR-
FACE, INDIS-
TINGUISHABLE
AS EITHER
FEMALE OR
MALE.

WITH AN
OTHERWORLDLY
TOUCH TO IT,
THE CLAY DOLL
HAD MANIFESTED
IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE WOODS.

IN THE
DAYS OF
THE AN-
CIENT
PAST—

AN EXISTENCE
THAT COULD BE
RIGHTLY SAID
TO BE A NOBLE
PHANTASM USED
BY A GOD.

IF IT WERE
TO LET OFF
A BLAST OF
POWER IN A
RAGE, EVEN
ONCE, IT
WOULD BE
RUMORED

NEVER-
THELESS
IT'S POWER
WAS BEYOND
HUMAN KN-
OWLEDGE

THAT THERE
EXISTED PO-
WER EXCEEDING
THE HERO THAT
RULED THE LANDS
IN THOSE DAYS

WITHOUT WHAT CAN
BE CALLED HUMAN
INTELLIGENCE, THE
CLAY DOLL SIMPLY
CONTINUED TO
FROLIC WITH THE
BEASTS OF THE
FOREST.

"A BEAST
THAT CAN
RIVAL ME
IN A CON-
TEST OF
STRENGTH?

THE KING
IN PART-
ICULAR
WOULD
SCOFF
AT SUCH
RUMORS

SUCH A
THING
WOULD
NEVER
ENTER
INTO
CONSIDERATION.



THE
WOMAN'S
BEAUTY
WAS SUCH
THAT IT
CAPTIV-
ATED THEM
WITH A
GLANCE



THE GENDER-
LESS LUMP OF
CLAY CROSSED
THE BORDER
BETWEEN MAN
AND WOMAN.



HOWEVER—
WHEN A FAMOUS
TEMPLE PROS-
TITUTE MET
WITH THE BEAST



WHEN THE CLAY
DOLL BROUGHT
THAT CONTRA-
DICTIONARY BEAUTY
WITHIN THEM-
SELVES, THEY
LOST A GREAT
DEAL OF THEIR
POWER.



ASIDE FROM
IMITATING
THE TEMPLE
PROSTITUTE,
THE CLAY
BEAST KNEW
NOTHING OF
HUMANITY.



AFTER SIX
DAYS AND SEVEN
NIGHTS TOGET-
HER, THE CLAY
DOLL HAD GRAD-
UALLY BROUGHT
THEIR APPEAR-
ANCE CLOSER
TO HUMAN.



THEIR
FRIENDSHIP
HAD BECOME
UNRIVALED,
AND THEY
SHARED
EQUALLY IN
JOY AND
SORROW.



AT THE END
OF THEIR LIFE
AND DEATH
STRUGGLE,
WHICH CAUSED
THE HEAVENS
AND EARTH TO
TREMBLE, THEY
RECOGNIZED
THE OTHER'S
STRENGTH



AND THEN,
HAVING
ATTAINED A
HUMAN'S
FORM AND
WISDOM, THE
DOLL STOOD
BEFORE THE
GREAT KING.



BUT IT
SEEMS THE
WORLD HAS
RETAINED
ITS BEAU-
TY.

I'D THOUGHT
THAT THE
WORLD
WOULD BE
FILLED WITH
CITIES LIKE
LIRUK.



I HAVE
TO SAY...
I'M RE-
LIEVED.



IT
CAN'T
BE...



THEIR SKILL
OF "PRES-
ENCE DETEC-
TION"
WAS OF THE
HIGHEST
CLASS—

AND HAD
DETECTED
FAR AWAY
TO THE
NORTH A
MOST NO-
STALGIC
PRESENCE



AT
THAT
TIME

IS IT...
REALLY
YOU?



IF THIS
IS TO BE A
CONTINUATION
OF OUR DUEL....
I'M LOOKING
FORWARD
TO IT.

HAHA...



ojo





Hero
Enkidu

IT ECHO- THE GROUND
ED ACROSS RUMBLLED
THE WHOLE UNDER THE
OF THE LAND BEAUTY OF
OF SNOW- THAT CALL
FIELD. TO BATTLE

THEIR SONG
CAUSED THE
EARTH IT-
SELF TO
VIBRATE—

YET EVEN
KNOWING
THAT IT WAS
A FALSE HOLY
GRAIL WAR,

THEY
CONTINUED
TO DANCE
UPON THAT
STAGE

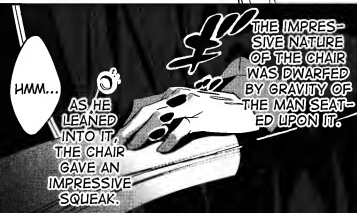
THE MAGI
AND HEROIC
SPIRITS HAD
GATHERED
UPON A
FALSE
STAGE,

IN
ORDER
TO HOLD
TRUE
TO THEIR
BELIEFS—

THE
HOLY
GRAIL
WAR
WASN'T
ONLY
FOR
THEM
ONLY,
THOUGH

THE
FUSE
HAD
BEEN
LIT.

A DYED INSIDE
WOODEN THE THE SP-
CHAIR COLOR AGIOUS
WAS OF SPHERICAL
FLOAT- NIGHT, ROOM,
ING.



WIZARD
MARSHALL
KISCHUR
ZELRETCH
SCHWEINORG





THIS
AXIS IS
WRONG...

SO THIS
LINE WILL
ALSO BE
ANNIHIL-
ATED.

NO, THAT
ACCURSED
SPIDER NOW
AWAKENS.

IN ORDER
TO DEAL WITH
THAT, ONE HUN-
DRED YEARS
WOULD BE
INSUFFI-
CIENT.

OH, THIS
CUTTING
IS QUITE
SOME-
THING...

HMM, THINGS
SEEM TO BE
A PERFECT
STALEMATE.

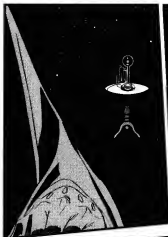
THAT BEING
SAID, THERE'S
NOT ENOUGH
REASON FOR
ME TO INTER-
FERE HERE.

EITHER WAY
THINGS FALL FOR
THE ASSOCIATION
IT'S NOT A SAT-
ISFACTORY
RESULT.



IS IT ABOUT
TIME I HEAD
OVER FOR A
LITTLE CHAT?

WHAT DO
YOU THINK?



IF I'M OVER
THERE, THE
COMMUNICATION
FEES WON'T BE
SO RIDICULOUS.

THAT'S RATHER
RUDE, YOU KNOW.

DEAD
APOSTLE
CAUBAG
ALCATRAZ





SO YOU
ALREADY
KNEW IT
WAS ME
WHEN I
STARTED
TALKING?

I THOUGHT
YOU'D INTENDED
TO WAIT A BIT
LONGER
BEFORE
RINGING
THE BELL
THOUGH.



JUST
WHERE DO
YOU THINK
I AM?

ONLY A
FEW ARE
ABLE TO
REACH THIS
PLACE.

DID YOU
THINK I WAS
AN OLD MAN
THAT LIKED
TO RAMBLE
TO HIMSELF?



AH, THE
REASON
I'M HERE
IS ABOUT
THAT THING,
ACTUALLY.

WHAT?

RIGHT NOW
I'M STRUGGLING
WITH A DIFFICULT
MATTER.

ANYWAY,
WHAT'S
YOUR BUSI-
NESS?

IF YOU'D
WANTED TO
CHAT OVER
TEA YOU'D
CHOSEN A
DIFFERENT
TIME.



IT'D BE
BETTER
TO SELECT
YOUR REF-
ERENCE
WORLD
BASED ON
YOUR
"INTRUDER"

THE MAGES
AREN'T THE
ONLY ONES
INTENDING
TO OBSERVE
THE SNOW-
FIELD INC-
IDENT.



THE PATH TO
THE FUTURE IS
A LABYRINTH
ONE AFTER ALL.

BUT THAT
HAPPENS
TO BE MY
SPECIALTY.

I WILL
NOT WAVER
IN THE PATH
TO MOVE
THE STARS





ALTHOUGH
MY MAZES
ARE A LITTLE
DIFFERENT
IN NATURE,



WITH THE
DESTINATION
BEING DIFF-
ERENT FOR
EVERYBODY
AFTER ALL.



ONE MORE
THING...
SHE SHOULD
BE WEARING
GLASSES.

FEATURED
AN ASIAN
GIRL WITH
HER HAIR
DYED
BLONDE—

THE
PAGE
THAT
LANDED
OPEN,



...IS THAT
SOMEHOW
IMPORTANT?



WHETHER OR
NOT THERE'S
MEANING
COMES LATER.

HOW SHOULD
I KNOW? THIS
IS THE ANSWER
I'VE STRUGGLED
TO REACH WORK-
ING BACKWARDS.

HMM.



THAT
WOULD BE
A FINE WAY
TO WASTE
TIME.

BEING THE
AVID READER
THAT YOU ARE,
I'M SURE YOU
COULD FIND A
CAFE TO FRE-
QUENT OR
SOMETHING?

IF YOUR
BOREDOM
HAS GROWN
SO UNMAN-
AGEABLE
YOU COULD
JUST TAKE
A TRIP TO
THE CITY.

BUT FOR
YOU TO EX-
PRESSLY
INVOLVE
YOURSELF
WITH THE
WORLD OF
MORTALS...



I
SEE. ...



SO IT'S
LIKE THAT
FELLOW
THOUGHT.



WELL...
THIS ISN'T...
STRICTLY
KILLING
TIME FOR
ME.

THIS
INCIDENT
ACTUALLY
AFFECTS
ME TO A
CERTAIN
DEGREE.



THAT GIRL'S
UNIVERSE
WILL BECOME
NOTHING BUT
A FALSE
HISTORY,
HUH.

OR MAYBE
THE OPPO-
SITE...

THEY, THE
INTRUDER,
ARE THE
SORT OF
FOOL WHO
TAKES JOY
IN NUMER-
OUS COM-
PETITIONS.

THINGS ARE
JUST STARTING
TO MAKE SENSE...
THEREFORE I
WILL NOT ACT.

LET'S ALLOW
AN OUTSIDER
TO WEASLE
THEIR WAY
INTO THE
HOLY GRAIL
WAR AS
WELL.



YES,
LET'S.

IF YOU WERE
TO INTERFERE
CARELESSLY,
THAT MIGHT
LOCK IN THE
WORLDLINE.

A black and white illustration of a rotary telephone on a desk. The phone is a classic model with a circular dial and a coiled cord. It sits on a light-colored surface, possibly a desk, with some dark, indistinct shapes in the background.

LET'S
WATCH
OVER
THINGS
AND BE
HOPEFUL.

